trophy wife

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trophy wife

by whiskeydoll

Summary

It's not his hobby that bothers him, it's his adoptive father’s sudden reluctance to touch now that he’s finally turned of age.

Will is sheltered, but he isn't dumb. He knows what he wants.

Notes

Written for an anonymous prompt on twitter. Enjoy!

Will is eight when he goes to live with Hannibal.

They aren’t blood-related. At least, he’s pretty sure they aren’t, judging by the difference in their appearances. They say serial killers take trophies from their victims as souvenirs. Will reads a lot about serial killers, and he doesn’t consider himself a victim, but neither does he consider himself a *trophy*.

He’s far too precious to Hannibal than that—and, for a while now, Will’s known about his adoptive father’s hobby, what he gets up to in the kitchen when he thinks Will is too preoccupied with his studies to notice. Hannibal always smells of blood. His father's hands are deceptively gentle and often bear evidence of a voracious predator despite his obsession with cleanliness.

That doesn’t bother him.

What bothers him is his father’s sudden reluctance to touch now that he’s finally turned of age.

Will is sheltered, but he isn't dumb. He knows what he wants.

"Fuck, fuck, daddy." Will throws his head back against his pillow and whimpers, pulling his hand free from the waistband of his pajamas.

Will sticks out his tongue, out of curiosity, and licks the shiny slick coating his fingers, imagining the taste through his father’s eyes. His slick tastes salty, bitter, and faintly sweet, but not as sweet as he expects.

Will goes shopping the next day. Daddy won’t notice if he spends a little extra on his black card, and if he does, it’s not like his pockets are hurting for money.

Will doesn't wash his hands when he comes down to dinner, and his top is half unbuttoned, his hair strategically mused. His blue plaid skirt sits low on his narrow waist, showing off the thin pink strap of his thong held together in the middle with bows, and a shy view of his happy trail. It was a successful shopping trip—and while he is partial to his male uniform, it’s not exactly a dress code violation for wearing female uniforms at his all-omega private university; most of his male peers do it.

"Daddy," he whines afterward, crawling into Hannibal's lap, and reeking of his earlier orgasm. "I had another nightmare.”

Hannibal noticeably falters and sets his wine glass down. "Did you now?" His red eyes flicker downward and then back up, afraid to linger anywhere but Will's face for too long. "Tell me about this nightmare of yours.”

"Um." Will pouts and lowers his gaze, eyes watering. "That..." He pauses for effect and wets his lips. "You don't love me anymore."

Hannibal sighs softly, ignoring Will's subtle request for a kiss, looking as if he'd rather be elsewhere. "That's not true, darling."

"Then, why?" Will huffs, face hot with rejection. "You treat me like I'm some disgusting thing. You won't touch me. You can barely stand to look at me anymore." Will pauses, and his eyes widen. "Are you getting rid of me?"

"Don't be ridiculous. Of course not, dear boy," Hannibal says, and slides his hands up his waist, brushing back his curls—touching him, *finally*. He's offended Will would even suggest it.

Will wiggles in his lap, aware of the small tightening of Hannibal's thighs. His skimpy lingerie does a poor job of containing anything; he wonders if Hannibal notices the wetness through his slacks. Will looks up and spreads his legs wider, as Hannibal's mouth twitches at the corner, betraying a crack in his mask.

"Daddy," Will sobs, letting his tears fall, their faces nearly touching. "Am I not good enough for you?"

Hannibal inhales sharply. "Will…" Not a no, but hesitation is worse.

Will rises and softly utters, "Goodnight."

In his room, under his breath, Will counts to twelve until Hannibal chases after him, and knocks at his bedroom door before letting himself in.

Will swallows, his spine shivering. "What?"

Hannibal sits beside him on the bed, and Will can practically taste his own slick. "Do you desire me sexually?" he says.

"Uh." Will tugs a loose thread from the hem of his skirt and nods, a lot like a child being caught in the act. Any words he's practiced in his head amid his steamy fantasies scatter at his feet.

"Is this new fancy of yours purely sexual?" Hannibal asks, again, pressing the back of his hand against Will's cheek. "I need you to answer me honestly, Will. Your next heat might be far sooner than I expected."

Hannibal is insinuating hormones are to blame, but that isn't true. "My next heat isn't until the end of the month," Will snaps, turning his face away. "Are you ever gonna… find a mate?"

"Mating is not my priority at the moment, no," says Hannibal, giving him a soft smile.

Will curls up on his side, facing the wall with his back to Hannibal, whining, "What's wrong with me?" His fingers curl into the blanket. "Are you gonna sell me off? Because if you do, it won't matter, I'll just run away and come back… I've already decided."

The bed dips with Hannibal's weight, and Will stubbornly refuses to turn around, but he doesn't need to because Hannibal is right there, spooning him from behind.

“My main priority is you. That will never change.” Hannibal whispers close to his nape, causing Will to sense the pressure of his teeth with each word. “But do you know what you're asking of me?” He hovers his hand on Will's waist, resisting the urge to touch. “What you do to me, walking around wearing such provocative clothing—smelling like you’ve just pleasured yourself?”

“I know what I want,” Will says, voice thick. “It's alright, daddy.” He grabs Hannibal’s warm hand, and leads it lower on his hip, pushing his ass back. “You can touch me. I know we’re not blood-related.”

Hannibal’s lips graze his mating gland with a growl. “You terrible boy.”

He grinds his erection against Will, and Will shoots his palm out against the wall. With a pained groan, Hannibal hikes up his skirt as his thumb brushes the pink ribbon of Will's lingerie, no longer just a fantasy.

Will whimpers. “Da—“

Hannibal climbs on top of him and kisses him. “Is this what you want, Will?”

Will nods, dazed. As much as he wants to rise and kiss him again, he remembers his teaching; he’s still a traditional at heart. Will demonstrates this by relaxing his body into submission.

“Hmm.” Hannibal sighs in pleasure, tongue touching his fangs at the sight of Will offering him his neck. “Not tonight, darling. Not until your heat. If we are to do this, we will do it properly.”

Will purrs. “Yes, daddy.”

After two weeks of courting and grooming Will into his new role with sweet kisses and lavish gifts, Will is a wet, mewling wreck.

He's wearing proper lingerie now: white, virgin, ridiculously pricey. It's more ceremonial than anything. Tonight is the night Will becomes his *mate*.

His body is on fire, and he digs his claws into the mattress, arching his ass. “Ah, Dad—Alpha, please!”

“Patience, sweet thing.” Hannibal licks a stripe between his slick folds, checking to make sure he's ready. Knowing where his mouth has been, and what it's capable of when it isn't turning Will into sweet submission, makes Will dizzy.

“You’ve grown so beautifully, so perfect for me,” Hannibal rumbles, giving into Will's shaky pleas.

And Will always gets what he wants.

Will's nose fills with the scent of blood, both his and Hannibal's, as they lay entwined by Hannibal’s knot.

Not a trophy, but with the collar digging into his fresh bite, locking arms with Hannibal in front of spurned would-be suitors, he could see himself as a trophy wife.

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